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The Politician.

Who is it stands, without retreating,
In thirty morn and twilight late,
With warm unwashed all men greeting,
Who is it stands by the outer gate?
It is—he is the candidate
Whose backbone is thus oft deflected;
His name is on the Bow's slate;
He begs that he may be elected.

By day he does his duty, treating
To meat and drink both small and great;
He feels his pocket fast depleting;
He cannot bear to contemplate
The doubt he cannot but create,—
The thought that he may be rejected,—
The dread that makes him desperate.
He begs that he may be elected.

At night his dreams are few and fleeting,
He faintly sees his future fate;
He fears the foe may try "repeating,"
Or fraudulently perpetrate
Some vile attempt to captivate
Such voters as are disaffected.
In fight he wakes unfortified,
He begs that he may be elected.

EXVOY.

Voters! whose voices guide the state,
Now shall ye find, were ye dissected,
No principles within his pate;
He begs—that he may be elected.

—Arthur Penn.

CLAMS.

"So now you have the whole story,
Richard Palfrey; I have kept back nothing—not the inmost thought of my heart."

"And I love you all the better," answered Richard Palfrey, gravely, but with a joyful light in his eyes.

"And you will not be jealous, or think that my heart is going back?" Elizabeth did not catch the sentence.

"Not I, sweetheart. Perhaps it is my self-conceit, but I hardly think I should be jealous of that same gallant, if he stood here before us."

"And you would have no need," answered Elizabeth, sighing with the manner of one who throws off a heavy load; and then, smiling, she added: "Yet he was a personable man, too, and wore his clothes in the best court mode, and understood all the best graces in the management of horse and weapon. I were loath he should challenge you to the combat."

"And so were I," answered the young man, laughing. "I would not have you see your two swains tick neck and heels together, and set up for a laughing stock, as was done with the two duellists down at Plymouth. But as to the fight, I should have no fear. The choice of weapons would be mine, and I would give mine adversary an axe and set him at yonder great oak, while I attacked the other. We would soon see who was the best man. But here comes your honored father to interrupt our conference."

"Well, my young ones, have you come to an accord?" asked Mr. Rosseter, as he drew near. Then smiling, as he looked at them, "But I see I need not ask. So then, daughter Elizabeth, you accept this mighty hunter—this lifter-up of axes upon thick trees—as your husband?"

"Yes, my father, since such is your desire," answered Elizabeth, demurely; "I have no wish to oppose your will."

"See what it is to have a dutiful child! She ever does her father's will when it jumps with her own!" said Mr. Rosseter, and then more gravely, "but to forbear jesting, which perhaps does not become so grave a matter, thou hast ever been a good and faithful daughter, and I doubt not will prove a faithful wife. I give thee a great treasure, Richard Palfrey; see thou abuse it not."

"Heaven deal so with me as I am true to her," answered Richard Palfrey, as he met the iron grasp of his future father-in-law's hand with a pressure equally fervent.

"And now to other matters," said Mr. Rosseter; "Richard, have you any corn or meal?"

"Neither grain nor kernel!" answered Richard, with a sudden change of expression. "I believe few are better off, save perhaps the governor."

"And he will not be so long, since he divides his store with all the sick and old people. I know not what will be done unless some ship come quickly to our relief. But for that dependence which never fails, I here are the fishers come home all but empty-handed, after a four days' trial."

"We have the clam-banks, my father," said Elizabeth. "They seem to be inexhaustible, and the clams are wholesome and agreeable."

What was it Elizabeth had told Richard Palfrey as they came home together from the "exercise" that winter's day in Boston. She had said to her father that she could not give her promise to marry the man of his choice and her own till she had had a private talk with him, and her father had consented to her own approval, gently checking his wife when she murmured that by-gones had best be by-gones. What was this "by-gone" which good Mrs. Palfrey dreaded? Merely that Richard Palfrey had not been Elizabeth Rosseter's first love.

Three years before, in the garden of a gray old manor-house in Devonshire, two lovers had talked together in the sweet summer twilight, as these two had just been doing in the gloomy gloaming of the short cold February day in Boston. One was Elizabeth Rosseter, a girl then, just blossoming into womanhood, pale, with eyes full of grief, and a face all alive with pain, shame, and anger at the man she loved. The other figure in the group was that of a handsome man, richly

dressed in the extreme of the ugly and unmanly fashion of the day, with stuffed satin breeches, long, carefully curled love-locks.

"Tut, tut! let us hear no more of it!" said he. "'Tis but a girl's whim of self-sacrifice."

"You ever treat me as a child!" was the passionate reply.

"Because you are a child, and a naughty, unreasonable child to boot!" said the cavalier. "Else would you never think of leaving such a home as this, where you may reign as queen, to follow your father's broken fortunes to Leyden or the ends of the earth. Let us hear no more of it. Wipe those tear-stained cheeks, and bid your woman braid your locks and bind them with the pearls I brought from London."

Elizabeth Rosseter drew herself up, and her eyes flashed through her tears.

"Hear me, Sir Arthur Patmore, for this matter is graver than you think. I have considered well, and my mind is firmly made up. My father has ever been the best of fathers, and his wife a most kind mother. I will wed no man who is ashamed of them. I will follow my father's broken fortunes to Leyden or the ends of the earth. If you take me at all, it must needs be from my father's house and with his blessing."

"Then Mistress Elizabeth Rosseter, you must needs take the consequences!" answered Sir Arthur, growing angry and speaking in a cold, hard voice. "I have borne with your whim because I thought it would not last. The matter is here. If you are to be my wife, you must forget that you have any family but mine, any duty but to me. There are those who tell me that, with my position in the country, to say naught of court favor, I should be wiser to consult my interest in wedding some one more nearly mine equal—some one at least not the daughter of a poor Puritan squire under suspicion of the government. My love has made me despise all these disadvantages, but now the time and place has come for a clear understanding. I tell you plainly that I will never call your father mine, nor go to Leyden for a wife. Make your choice."

He had avoided looking at her while speaking, but now he turned and held out his arms with a smile saying in a caressing tone:

"Come, let there be an end of this! Kiss and be friends. Let your father go his way, and abide here with your aunt, and all shall be well."

But Elizabeth Rosseter drew herself up pale and stately as a statue.

"I thank you, Sir Arthur, for putting the matter so plainly. I have made my choice, and shall abide thereby. I give you back your ring and bid you farewell."

Sir Arthur looked with amazement at the figure which fitted from him, and then stooped to pick up the ring she had cast at his feet.

But when Sir Arthur came again after the lapse of a week, he was met, not with the love he fondly expected, but with the news that Mistress Elizabeth had gone away with her father.

"But did she leave no message—no letter?" asked the bewildered lover.

No, there was none—only a great packet of all his letters. They were very fine letters, for Sir Arthur was a poet with all his other graces—the jewels, the ribbons, the lute, the music—not one thing had he kept of all his gifts. He turned them over and over—no, there was no letter. Sir Arthur went home to vow he would forget the little Puritan. But he did not find forgetfulness easy. He had sworn that he would never go to Leyden for a wife. Nevertheless to Leyden he went the very next spring, to find that he had come on a fool's errand.

"You are under a mistake, sir," pastor Robinson had said to him, not without a glance of reproach at his fiery. "Mr. Rosseter hath not been in Leyden to my knowledge. That excellent Christian gentleman wrote me that he meant to join the company who are even now preparing to settle at Massachusetts Bay, under the leadership of worshipful Mr. Winthrop."

"And his daughter—I mean Mistress Elizabeth—does she go with him?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Aye, doubtless; also his wife and ten little ones—a treasure to carry into the wilderness; but the women will not remain behind."

Sir Arthur turned home disappointed. This was the story Elizabeth Rosseter told Richard Palfrey that chill February evening in the town of Boston. And Richard Palfrey had declared that he liked her the better, and that he should never be jealous of the fine gentleman, though they stood face to face. Richard was her father's partner—a kinsman, and in some sort an adopted son, and had come over in the same ship. Even on the voyage, Mr. Rosseter remarked to his wife that he should be well pleased to have Richard and Elizabeth take a mutual liking. To which that good lady had answered:

"Then, my dear heart, if you would have it so—and stranger things have happened—keep your own counsel, and never hint your wishes even by a look. Love, my husband, is a plant that will not be cultivated, though it often grows of itself."

And Edward Rosseter, like a wise man, took his wife's counsel. And so by degrees the image of the grave, stalwart young Puritan supplanted in Elizabeth's heart that of Sir Arthur Patmore. She had come near to dying of grief for him, but she was too clear-sighted and right-minded not to estimate him at his true

value when set free from the witchery of his presence, and now she never thought of him without a flush of shame that she should have loved one so little worthy.

Richard had declared that he should not fear being brought face to face with his gay rival, though the trial was nearer than they thought.

The first day appointed by the governor was drawing near. The wolf was indeed at the door. Scarcely any one had either meal or night to supply its place, and day after day whole families sat down to their dinner or supper without a mouthful of anything to represent bread. The clam banks were the great source of supply, and every day when the tide served, the women of the colony went down to dig the long clams, the use of which they had learned from the Indians; while the men worked at the houses or fences, or hunted and fished, often with indifferent success.

It was drawing toward the close of the day before the feast, when Richard Palfrey went down to the clam-bank to meet his betrothed, and helping up her burden. "There comes Richard again," said Jack Rosseter, a boy of fourteen, and Elizabeth's favorite among her dozen of brothers. "I am sure I can help you with the basket as well as he."

"He comes to leave you at liberty to help Catherine Sloughton!" answered Elizabeth, laughing. She raised herself from her stooping position as she spoke, and stood as if transfixed, with her eyes turned seaward.

"What is it, sister? What do you see?" asked Jack, and then following the direction of her eyes, he burst into a jubilant shout:

"A sail! a sail! an English ship! Hurrah!"

"An English ship—ay, and a great ship! The Lord be praised! He hath not cast us off!" Such were the exclamations from one and another.

"You will come to supper!" said Elizabeth to Richard Palfrey as they parted at the corner of her father's inclosure. "I am going to bake the clams Indian fashion, as the squire's wife taught me; they are savory, I assure you."

"I shall come to prove them, you may be sure."

Elizabeth was met at the door of the log house by her step-mother. The little lady's face expressed a very unusual perturbation.

"Here you are, at last, poor, tired child. And whom think you has come in this same ship?"

"Plenty of meal, peas, and bacon, I hope, mother," answered Elizabeth. "They say the governor divided his last handful with a poor woman to-day."

"That did he, for I saw him. Yes, the ship has brought enough to turn our fast into a feast of thanksgiving; but she has also brought, Sir Arthur Patmore."

"What has brought him hither?" said Elizabeth. "This Saul among the prophets, indeed. Here is no place to show off his fine clothes."

"Tis not hard to tell what has brought him, since he has asked for you six times already. But do you slip into neighbor Mullen's house and I will send your blue gown, so as you can dress before he sees you."

Elizabeth thought for a moment, and then a laughing light came into her eyes. "Dear mother, you are wont to call me your wise daughter. Will you let me manage this game mine own way?"

"Ay, that will I!" answered Mrs. Rosseter. "I know you will carry your self wisely and becomingly. And I must say you never looked prettier than you do this very minute."

Elizabeth carried her little hoe and her basket of clams. As her mother opened the door she walked in and saluted the company.

"I give you good evening, gentlemen," said she, with stately ease and becoming modesty. "Sir Arthur, you are welcome to these shores. I trust you bring good news from all the friends in Devonshire. Nay, I cannot give you my hand till I have washed it."

For once the accomplished courtesier was at a loss. He had risen at Elizabeth's entrance and advanced to meet her, but stood as if stupefied, while she spoke to the other gentlemen and then passed out at the farther door. Elizabeth had grown from a lovely, unformed girl into a majestic, beautiful woman.

"And what have you to feast us withal to-night?" asked Mr. Rosseter, as Elizabeth returned, with her sleeves turned up from her white wrists and a coarse apron over her stiff gown.

"Even a dish of clams roasted in Indian fashion, my father!"

Sir Arthur sat at all under a spell while Elizabeth and her brothers swept the hearth clean, built thereon a circle of stones, and placing the clams on their edges within, covered them with flat stones, and then with hot embers and light fuel.

"Will you not stay and share our feast?" asked Mrs. Rosseter, as Mr. Bradstreet a neighbor rose to go.

"Nay, madam, my own wife will await me. Mr. Rosseter, let me speak a word with you concerning the business you wot of."

"Methinks yonder gallant hath an eye to your daughter!" said Mr. Bradstreet, when they had finished their steaks. "He has come on a bootless errand, then for my daughter is betrothed to Richard Palfrey, and in good time here he comes."

"Sir Arthur let me present to you my friend and partner Richard Palfrey!"

said Mr. Rosseter, not without a twinkle in his eye.

Sir Arthur bowed stiffly. Richard returned the salute politely, then taking his seat by Mr. Rosseter, he began talking in a low, eager voice. Mr. Rosseter listened, laughed, then glanced at Elizabeth, still busy with her household matters.

"You must ask the women, Dick. If you win their consent you shall not want mine. But here is our supper! Sir Arthur, will you sit down with us? By to-morrow I trust we may have bread to offer you to-night I believe there is not such a thing as a crust of bread in this whole colony."

It was with more than ordinary care that Sir Arthur ate his supper; for albeit there are few things more savory than a dish of well roasted clams, they are not easy to manage on a first acquaintance, and they are better for bread to eat with them. His old passion for Elizabeth had revived ten-fold, but he felt that they were on a totally different footing from the old condescending affection on his part, and the submissive trembling devotion on hers. Now it was Elizabeth who was condescending and gracious, making him feel like an awkward schoolboy.

"But it is her womanly art to hide her true feeling!" Thus thought Sir Arthur. "Let me but see her alone, and I will soon set matters right. But how to make an opportunity!"

As it happened, the opportunity was made. A messenger came in all haste from the governor for Richard Palfrey. There was no neglecting the summons. Sir Arthur could have gnashed his teeth to see Elizabeth follow him to the door, and after some minutes of low converse return to the fireside with a new light in her eye and a fresher bloom on her cheek.

"Methinks you are wonderful intimate with yonder gentleman, I suppose I must say!" said Sir Arthur, peevishly. It was not the way he had meant to begin but his temper got the better of him. He was punished for it in her answer.

"Richard Palfrey is my betrothed, and we shall be married to-morrow."

"Elizabeth, you cannot mean it. You will never make such a sacrifice!"

"Tis no sacrifice, Sir Arthur. It is my own free choice."

"Elizabeth, let your heart speak! I am sure you love me more than this clodhopper upon whom your eyes are bent. Remember how it was three years ago."

"I remember well, Sir Arthur," interrupted Elizabeth. "I have not forgotten our parting, when you cast me aside like a worn glove, because I would not renounce my duty, my own father!"

"But things are changed now!" said Sir Arthur, feeling all the time that he was not advancing his own cause, yet unable to forbear the argument. "Your father being so far away—"

"You would condescend to endure his existence at the distance of three thousand miles. But things are changed indeed. Three years ago I was a child. I loved you with all the love a child had to give. I thought you the greatest and best of men. But you cast me off. The wound you gave me was deep but not mortal, and it has healed without a scar. Now I am a woman, and with a woman's heart I love Richard Palfrey better than ever I loved you. For your own sake I grieve that you have come hither. For my own sake I rejoice since it has fully justified my choice in mine own eyes."

The next day Richard Palfrey and Elizabeth Rosseter were married in the midst of the rejoicings of that fast day which was turned to a day of thanksgiving—Lady's Book.

The Dead Violinist.

Ole Bornemann Bull, who died a few days since, was born at Bergen, Feb. 5, 1810. Very early in life he showed a natural love for music, but his father discouraged him in this direction, and sent him to the University of Christiania, designing him for the church. His taking the temporary charge of the orchestra at one of the theatres convinced the university authorities that he was not adapted for the clerical calling, and in 1829 he went to Cassel to study music with the great violinist, Spohr. His skill as a performer was soon developed; but circumstances compelled him to abandon music for a time, and he began the study of law at Göttingen. He soon turned his attention again to music, studying at Minden. Here he fought a duel with a fellow student, and left him dying on the field. He was compelled to leave, and not till after many vicissitudes was he able again to follow art.

A wealthy lady in Paris finally adopted him, and by her influence he was enabled to give a grand concert, which at once established his rank as a violin virtuoso. His subsequent career throughout Europe added to his fame, and his success in America in 1843 was remarkable. Ole Bull tried his hand at the drama in Norway, but his liberal political opinions brought him into trouble, and in 1853 he came to the United States, intending to make his home here. A gigantic colic operation scheme was set on foot, and Ole Bull purchased 120,000 acres of land in Potter county, Pa.; but his colony was a failure. Since its collapse the violinist made periodical tours in this country and England, making the concert circuit successfully. He lived for much of his time near Madison, Wis., in a colony of Norwegians which he had fostered, but during the past winter resided home. James Russell Lowell's estate, "Elmwood," at Cambridge, Mass.

FASHION'S PROCLAMATION.

Ivory-colored fichus of point d'esprit lace are becoming to brunettes.

Plain skirts and basques with draperies at the back seem to be the favorite model for autumn suits.

Traveling dresses continue to be in medium tints, such as gendarme blue, gray, green and brown.

The fashion of wearing walking dresses short is so sensible that it will doubtless continue a long while.

Capes are worn at the sea-side in Regence style of heavy coquillet-colored silk with round hoods.

French dress-makers have discovered that the Jersey motif the figure too plainly and prefer the tailor-cut coat.

The waist of a riding habit is very difficult to make and it is not prudent to entrust it to any but well-known dress-makers.

A caprice of the coming season will be to make the front breadths of gowns look like crapes by fine gatherings running diagonally.

A cardinal cape is made of merveilleuse satin, the hood lined with bright foulard, and sometimes it is embroidered with chenille and silver.

The chief bridesmaid at a wedding may, if it pleases her, wear a gown quite different from that of the other bridesmaids and still be very fashionable.

Linen chemises are less used in this climate every season, as physicians consider them unwholesome, and fine cambric chemises are found to be sufficiently cool.

Olive, bronze, and moss green are shown in autumn goods, and one of the novelties combines the yellow olive green with clear blue green like the dark green of myrtle leaves.

The Medici collar has a fine silver wire around its outer edge, but it is exceedingly difficult to preserve its shape; even when thus stiffened. It is becoming when worn by a woman with an oval face.

Plaids are revived in the first woolen goods imported for early autumn. These are not the tartans of Scotch clans, but are fanciful plaids that show French taste in their daring yet well-blended combinations of color.

A novelty for large dinner parties introduced in London during the season just ended was two round tables, instead of one long one. The host presided at one table and the hostess at the other. The effect was said to make the company more sociable.

Skirts of walking length are fuller than those made last year, and are straight behind from the belt down instead of being cut off at the middle, and having extra fullness added below. The front and sides are slightly gored, and the bottom measures from two and a half to three yards.

French night dresses are now made with box pleats in the back, instead of having a yoke as they formerly did. From three to five large box pleats hold the fullness on the shoulders, while the front is shaped like a square or pointed yoke, which is made up of fine tucks in clusters, with perhaps some embroidery between.

Chateaine bags made of satin, and covered with a bouquet of flowers, now replace pockets; a small handkerchief is seen peeping out from the center of the flowers perfumed with the same scent. They are made in black satin trimmed with lace and loops of satin ribbon; in white satin covered with a network of jet.

The city chausseur is ever the high boot, either buttoned all the way up or cut out in open work straps over the instep to make it lighter. What is called the American shoe, a name given it on account of its great popularity with fashionables, is still much worn; rather high and laced, it is convenient to wear and in good taste, but not "dressed."

A velvet season for next winter is predicted. Satin will be worn again, but its formidable rival for combinations will be velvet or plush worn in most varied ways. There will be cut and draped velvet, plain and cicle, with the pile standing up in figures like carved work, broad velvet, stripes, pea spots, lozenges, damask designs, and chintz figures.

Dark blue silk handkerchiefs with Scotch plaid borders in gay colors, are knotted in fanciful ways of irregular loops and pleatings to form cravat bows to wear with light dresses. Polka dots of white on navy-blue handkerchiefs are chosen to wear about the neck when traveling, or for morning wear. They are fastened with large pins that have silver heads. Cream-white silk handkerchiefs with a narrow hem that is hemstitched are used with dark dresses by ladies whose clear complexion will permit the use of much thick white near the face.

Thinking of Death.

Shortly after the death of the king of Hanover the queen descended into the royal vault at Windsor (the "bomb-house," as George III called it), and made a careful inspection of the coffins therein. Her majesty, finding that the royal velvet was coming off most of them, and that they looked tawdry and shabby, ordered that they should be placed in oak cases. This has since been done, and during her recent stay at the castle the queen and Princess Beatrice, escorted by the dean, paid a visit to the vault, and remained there for some time.—London Truth.

Plucky Couple.

MAKING A BRIDAL TOUR ON FOOT.

Some months after the close of the war a gentleman, residing in Texas, overtook on the road one day a well-dressed ex-soldier. The soldier was accompanied by a pretty, neat-looking girl of apparently about 18 years of age. She carried a bundle in her hand. The soldier stopped to ask directions about the road. The gentleman found the stranger was a confederate soldier returning to his home in Texas with his wife. He invited the strangers home with him to dinner. The soldier—a fine-looking Texan—told his story. His home, he said, was on the Neuteces. He belonged to Johnson's army, and had gone through the varied fortunes of a soldier—been once wounded, and twice a prisoner. In one of his various wanderings he had met and fallen in love with the daughter of a widow residing in the northern part of South Carolina. The widow's husband had fallen at the battle of Manassas. The widow, from competence, found herself reduced almost to want. When the war closed our soldier went to the house of his intended mother-in-law, and for a month worked with all his might, mending fences and putting the farm in the best order he could; then, thinking it time to see about matters at home, and his old mother in Southern Texas, of whom he had not heard one word for over two years, he prepared to return home, but it was hard to leave his sweetheart, especially when he was unable to perceive when he could make money enough to return for her. She settled the matter by saying she was going with him. So one morning they were married, and started for Texas on foot, with knapsacks on their backs, and without a single cent of money.

"But," said the bride, "we found people very kind. We made friends all along the road; we were never turned off at night; we always got plenty to eat; and the people would often make us little presents of money. We would frequently overtake a wagoner, who would give us a ride as far as he was going our way. When we came through New Orleans we had to get passes to cross the river. The northern general noticed that my shoes were nearly worn out, whispered something to one of his aids, who went out and came back with a pair of shoes, and the general asked if I would oblige him by accepting them. I have them on now."

"When we left he shook hands with both of us, and said we were a 'plucky young couple.' When I got to my husband's home I shall have traveled over sixteen hundred miles—and most of it on foot. I would not take anything in the world for my trip. I have found everybody so kind and good."

The young husband looked into his wife's bright face and smiled, as though he thought he saw there the reason why every one was so kind.

"But were you not afraid to come so far with a wild Texan?" some one asked.

"Oh, no!" was the smiling reply. "I always liked the Texans—they make such brave, good soldiers."

"You have indeed proved that you like one of them."

After dinner the gentleman had his carriage brought around, and carried them a day's journey homeward. As we shook hands with the bride all wished her a pleasant journey.

"O, never fear that," she answered. "I am almost home—a hundred miles or two isn't much. I am happy as a queen."

—Detroit Free Press.

Latest Mining Story.

A sensation was created at Santa Fe, N. M., recently by the announcement of a rich mining strike in the Mexican village Las Placitas, about 30 miles distant. The village is built of adobe huts and corals, and the foundations of the houses are of rock. Prospector Jesse Martin detected mineral in this rock. He pounded up and hammered some of it, getting a rich result in gold. He located the streets of the town whence the gold rock was taken, and had it assayed.

The gold was found in the creek bed, and the salaried character soon won him influence in public life, and in 1851 he was elected governor, and four years later he was chosen to represent Pennsylvania in the United States Senate. His supervision in Philadelphia of the interests of the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 will be well remembered. His death will be widely lamented. His age was 67 years.

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.

The British Museum contains the oldest specimen of pure glass which bears any date. This is a little lion's head, having on it the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty. Thus it is shown that at a period at least 3,000 years ago glass was made with a skill that indicates the art was not a new one.

Three little girls had great fun in a neighbor's house at South Bend, Ind., during the absence of the family. They first broke all the window panes. Then they poured several gallons of milk on the parlor carpet. Finally, they emptied six dozen cans of raspberries and huckleberries into a tub, and dyed all the fine dresses they could find in the juice.

Victor Hugo looks well, but old age is at last beginning to show its effects on his still vigorous frame. The redundant white hair is thinning on the crown of the nobly poised head, and the broad shoulders show a slight but perceptible stoop. He looks now like a man of seventy; five years ago he might have been taken for not yet sixty. Yet the keen eye is as brilliant, the step as firm, the deep, soft tones as musical as ever.

The French assembly has voted \$40,000,000 to establish high schools for girls in that country. This is convincing proof that the statesmen of France appreciate the fact that intelligence is the only safe basis for a republic. In providing for the education of the mothers of the next generation, they take the best means of putting intelligence where it will direct the ballot. Educated women do not, as a rule, raise ignorant sons.

For participation in the insurrection of 1863-4, 83,454 Poles were condemned to perpetual expatriation, and transported to Siberia or Russia's outlying provinces. About 10,000 contrived to escape to foreign countries; but the greater number of these suffered the loss of their entire property, confiscated by the state, and have abandoned all hope of ever returning to their native land. Three hundred and sixty patriots were hanged in cold blood by their captors. Fines to the amount of two million roubles were levied on "the Vistula provinces," and 2700 estates were sequestered and conferred on Russian nobles.

Ell Johnson, secretary of the New York state temperance society, exhibits a box of chemical substances such as enter largely into the making up of all modern high-priced liquors, by the use of which a gallon of the best spirits, worth \$16, can be produced by an outlay of 30 cents. This sample box came into Mr. Johnson's possession after the death of its owner, a noted rum-seller; and the lecturer uses it to indicate any social inquiry of European dealers that they use the same substances over there. People addicted to the use of the ardent are invited to investigate and learn just what they are in the habit of imbibing.

Correct speech is such an indisputable mark of a lady or gentleman that it cannot be too often repeated that the true standard of pronunciation is one in which all the marks of a particular place of birth or residence are lost, and in which nothing appears to indicate any habits of intercourse other than with the well-bred and well-informed, wherever they may be found. In the matter of accent, vocabulary and pronunciation, the aim ought to be to avoid all that is local, affected or vulgar. Let no transgressors imagine they can escape with impunity. Their speech will betray them, and even well-educated children will be merry and satirical over them behind their backs.

Ex-Gov. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, who died at his home in Clearfield recently, was a man whose career illustrates how a youth of intelligence, courage and robust health may rise from poverty to distinction. Beginning the publication of a newspaper by combining the work of setting type and writing editorial, he exhibited the industry and clear judgment which afterwards gave him wealth as the greatest lumber dealer of the west bank of the Susquehanna river. His salaried career soon won him influence in public life, and in 1851 he was elected governor, and four years later he was chosen to represent Pennsylvania in the United States Senate. His supervision in Philadelphia of the interests of the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 will be well remembered. His death will be widely lamented. His age was 67 years.

Cuba.

The Cubans certainly deserve a better fate than seems to await them. For upward of ten years they have maintained a more or less desperate warfare against overwhelming odds. No American who believes in the righteousness of the struggle of the revolutionary fathers to throw off the yoke of Great Britain can be prepared to say that the Cubans have not been justified in seeking liberation from the avarice and cruelty of Spanish domination, whose character seems to have grown worse, rather than better, in the school of adversity, which chastised it with the loss of nearly all its colonial possessions. Ultimately Cuba must gravitate to our American system. Commercial instincts and political aspirations must sooner or later give an irresistible impulse in that direction. But this is no sufficient reason why the Spanish authorities should lavish insults on the American flag, and no sufficient reason why our Washington authorities should not promptly and effectually resent those insults.—Galveston News.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

Maine.

The total amount of salt received at the bonded warehouse at Bangor from August 1879 to August 1880, was 73,712 barrels, the greater part of which was used in the local fish packing houses in that town and surrounding places.

A disease said to be "black leg" has made its appearance among the cattle of Northfield. Harrison Smith has lost seven head, Mr. Hovey four head and several others one or more each.

A man named Drew of Waterville, in the employ of the Maine Central railroad, was killed while coupling cars at Androscoggin recently.

The schooner D. H. Ingraham recently collided with a fishing craft near Rockland, and William Lawton with his two sons Henry and Loring who were in the fishing boat were drowned.

Andrew & Co. of Biddeford are building an apple factory at Cornish. They will put in two machines, giving employment to about fifty people, and will be ready for work in about three weeks.

Thaddeus Hildreth of Gardiner, a highly respected physician, recently through mistake took a dose of extract of scorpions, from the effect of which he died in about an hour and a half.

A misplaced switch at Portland a few days ago threw two cars off the rails, killing Charles Dyer, a shipwright, aged 65.

G. G. Boyston of Sydney was drowned in the Kennebec river, recently. While sailing with two other men, the boat capsized and Mr. Boyston sank in endeavoring to reach the shore.

Joshua Dunn, postmaster of Portland, died recently aged 55. He was a veteran of the war of 1812 and was one of the "Hundred Shattucks" from a humorous speech he once made in the Legislature.

New Hampshire.

Nellie Ryan was before the court in Portsmouth, recently, charged with violating the Sunday liquor law, and being adjudged guilty was assessed fines and costs amounting to \$1.10.

Moses H. Sanborn, a driver of Russell, Seaward & Co's express, was arrested at Dover, N. H., a few days ago, charged with wrongfully appropriating \$500 of their money to his own use.

C. D. Heavy Artillery, of Portsmouth, of the 1st regiment of New Hampshire, N. G., has by request been disbanded by order of state authority. A company is to be raised at Suncook to fill the vacancy.

The Cocheco manufacturing company at Dover is sued for \$15,000 for the harts of Maggie Gorman in the recent blasting accident.

The lot recently will be occupied at the rolling park, Manchester, from Sept. 13 to 17. Parker Merrill of Manchester lately killed a common striped snake that was not less than sixty-seven young ones over eight inches in length.

George H. Colby shot a blue heron near Spectacle rock, Sunapee, a few days ago, that measured 6 feet from tip to tip; height 4 feet 8 inches; length of bill 7 inches.

Farley Knapp, a well known and respected citizen of Stearns, died very suddenly in a few evenings since, being engaged in picking hay in his barn, when it is supposed, he ruptured a blood vessel near the heart.

As a large wagon containing seven gentlemen and five ladies from Boston was on its way recently from Oxford to the copper mines, a part of it gave way while it was turning a corner and the horses were more or less injured. Oscar Weston having a leg broken just above the ankle. Others were knocked insensible, and many had their heads injured.

Joseph Williams of Kittery, Me., a prominent church member, is under arrest for stealing copper from the Portsmouth navy-yard, where he was long employed.

Keene officers are after James Morgan, who has swindled merchants with bogus checks on the National Exchange bank.

United States Marshals have made raids at West Branch, arrested N. E. Joy, of the New Hampshire house, George Marston and Fred Johnson, for transacting business without compliance with the revenue laws.

Vermont.

It is reported at Brattleboro that William White, the defaulter's son, who has gone with a name to fortune and redeems his father's name, wrote to a prominent lawyer that the talk about offering a reward for his father's arrest must be stopped, and his name withdrawn from public mention, lest his interests, which were identical with the stockholders', should suffer.

The Seventh Day Adventists of Vermont will hold their annual state meeting this year at Morrisville Sept. 2 to 7. Elder James White and wife of Brattleboro, and Elder George I. Butler of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, will make addresses.

At West Hartford recently, A. C. Bean, roadmaster of the Central Vermont road, laid the last rail of the new road from the portion of this road extending from West Hartford to within seventeen miles of St. John, P. Q. Steel rails are distributed, and the remaining miles will be laid at once. This will give a continuous steel track 163 miles north of that place.

Stephen Miner, aged 50, has committed suicide at Milton by hanging with a rope so long that his knees touched the floor.

Dover held \$11,000 of the stock of the ruined Brattleboro bank.

The farm of Shackett, the absconding driver, near Middlebury, is mortgaged to Albert Fletcher for \$5000, with another mortgage on top of it to Geo. Stewart for \$4000, supposed to be part of the money lost by the Shackett-Hammond suit; \$4000 having been paid in cash before the close of the suit.

Edward D. Mason, a graduate of Dartmouth college and New England theologist, was ordered to the work of the ministry at Passumpsic recently. He goes to Raleigh, N. C.

Massachusetts.

The church recently erected by the Catholics at Cordova was dedicated recently.

Recently some unknown person put London purple, a potent blue poison, in the wells belonging to James A. Kingsbury and Mrs. Alfred Hodges at East Fallowburgh. The water was so tainted colored that both families resorted to drink it.

James Claflin of Abington won the belt of the Pat Mills association, by eating over two hundred of them.

A New Bedford policeman had a family jar with his wife the other day, and came out second. He then put on his coat and in the huddle of the fight he was killed, but his wife knocked him down and set on him.

James Dundas and John McKenna had a wrestling match at Chelsea on a recent Sunday, and Dundas being the victor, McKenna is held for manslaughter.

Harvard college has had 22 presidents in 222 years, of whom Edward Holyoke served longest, 22 years. The first was Henry Dunster, from 1636-58, thought to have been 92 years old when chosen, the only one younger than president Eliot, Leonard Hoar, 1674-75, was the first Harvard graduate, and Increase Sather, 1685-1701, was the first native American in the chair.

A curious decision was made by the judge of a Boston court recently. John McNeill and George Johnson are charged with an assault on Edward G. Appleton. It appeared from the evidence that a man named McNeill did the assault, and the judge said that, if the defendants did not bring Keller in on a summons, he would find McNeill and Johnson guilty.

A Boston carman, has in process of construction an immense balloon, for which 500 square yards of material made in Europe and imported by a Philadelphia firm is required. When inflated, this balloon will contain 20 cubic feet of gas. A large basket fitted with life preservers and capable of carrying eight persons, will be attached. The entire cost will be \$15,000.

The Richmond Iron works have commenced digging at three beds in Richmond, and at the furnaces in that town, in all about 200 barrels. They smelt their own ore, and is so doing up a good deal of charcoal that is burned from the wood of the Berkshire forests.

RELIGIOUS.

Five Presbyterian ministers in India have treated 95,529 patients.

Bishop Peck is visiting Methodist churches and camp meetings in Ohio.

Four colored Episcopal ministers are at work in Tennessee among the colored people.

Chicago has thirty-one Congregational churches, the first having been organized May 23, 1851.

Rev. S. L. Blake is to be installed over the Fitchburg, Mass., Calvinistic church September 1.

Rev. M. L. Severance resigns from the Orton, Vt., Congregational church to continue soliciting for the Middlebury college fund of \$100,000.

Another religious association said to be non-sectarian has been formed, called "The Gospel Church of the Highways of Baltimore." The object is to go into the highway and hedges and reach the masses.

Mrs. Priscilla B. Leach, a well-known Baptist lady of Middletown Springs Vt., gives by will \$8,000 to the state convention, \$2,000 to the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, and \$1,500 to Madison university.

"St. Andrew's by the Sea" is the name of the wee church perched on the sand hills at Southampton, L. I. The building was originally a life-saving station, and after being purchased by Dr. Thomas for a barn, was by him presented to the township for an Episcopal place of worship.

The N. Y., N. H. & H. railroad has at last given up the idea of a canal, and has decided to discontinue the use of stop-over checks, and has modified it so that the public are in some respects better accommodated than under the system in force before the rule was adopted.

About 40 members of the Putnam phalanx, from Hartford, New Britain, Williamstown and New Britain, went to Atlanta, Ga., at the dedication of the Gate City armory in October.

About 3000 people attended the dedication of the monument at Southington a few days since. O. W. Stone making the presentation address. H. D. Smith, of Plainville, the acceptance, and Gen. Hawley the main address. The monument is the figure of a young soldier in white granite.

Some wealthy Presbyterians, principally from Ohio, are talking of forming a colony on Lake Chautauqua, close beside the Baptists. The Baptists have erected a spacious tabernacle, with room for 5,000 people. If the Presbyterian colony should be formed, it will be with an arrangement for the use of this building for public services at times when the great Baptist gatherings are not in session.

The Sabbath day is hallowed when it makes an occasion for all the sweet social graces to find expression in the household; when home life is so care-free, cheerful, contented and happy, that it is truly restful to all members. If fewer people made an idol of the Sabbath, and more of them were less selfish in appropriating its uses, there would not be so many puzzling questions arising from its observance.

Rev. Elisha Adams, of Concord, N. H., fell dead from apoplexy in his residence in that city, recently. Deceased was born at Williamstown, Vt., July 29, 1815. He was pastor of the Methodist church in Concord in 1858-9 and 1867-8. From 1860 to 1867 he filled the office of presiding elder; three years over Claremont and four years over Concord District.

At the time of his death he was secretary of the State prisoners' society and president of the Board of Education, which offices he held some ten years, and trustee of the seminary at Titton.

Rev. John Francis Aiken, a well known Congregationalist clergyman, died suddenly, at Chichester, Mass., recently. He was a son of the late Hon. John Aiken and Mary Means Appleton Aiken, of Andover, Mass., and a nephew of ex-President Pierce. He graduated with honor at Dartmouth College, in 1868, and subsequently he was a teacher at Phillips academy, Andover, one year, after which he read law at Chicago and in New York city, and practiced in his profession several years at the latter place. Then he gave up the law and prepared for the ministry, preaching several years at Pawlet, Vt.

An Episcopal church recently built at Tacoma, the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is said to have the oldest tower on this continent. The building is of rude logs, and was put up in less than three weeks. The tower is an immense fir tree, which was cut off forty feet above the ground, and is surmounted with a bell and cross. The rings of the tree show that it is at least 75 years old. The church looks out on Puget Sound. In the rear Mt. Baker rises to the height of 11,000 feet. A little rectory has been built close by the church.

There are tools, and in great abundance, buried upon the farms throughout the country. Some of them are at a very bad piece of folly. They are profane men, or men passionate and rough; or often what may be worse, men low and impure in thought and speech. They are with the children of the place often when the father is not; for we assume that the father is not himself such a man, and that he would not be willing to teach such badness to his children if he were. Their influence in some ways may be greater than his. And this father will be, in a different sense, a fool, and of great size in his folly, if he be indifferent to it.

It is time the church of God was awake to its work of saving young men before they are ruined, and not wait till they are lost and then seek to reclaim them. Instead of one little room in a great city where young men can spend an evening, the church should plant one in every ward, and make it so attractive that the homeless shall seek it with delight. Instead, why should not every church, itself provided with open supplied rooms for this purpose? What is the church for but to spread its net and catch men? You, whose sons are with you in your comfortable homes, may think this a small matter, but to thousands of young men it means life or death.

Dispatches from Corpus Christi, Tex., say that in reports received from Brownsville, Tex., near the mouth of the Rio Grande, was nearly destroyed by the fearful storm which prevailed along the Texas coast on the 12th and 13th inst. The storm, which was the worst since 1850, was said to have been the work of the devil, and both are natives of Brownsville.

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of the principles of human activity, she neither hastens nor rests. Seed-time and harvest come in their appointed time; each season has its special work; each day is full of life; but the vast enterprises move forward in such harmony that no age, however keen, ever get sav of effort. It is a harmony born of law; and under that law the life of man falls no less than the life of nature. It is the God back of nature whose presence and power we feel in her repose and restfulness; and our lives resting in him may share the same peace which broods among the summer hills, and makes them, to the weary worker, broad pathways up to heaven.—Christian Union.

Struggle for Life.

IN A CAGE WITH SIX HYENAS.

A short time since, while Cough's grand circus was parading in Winchester, Va., the keeper of the cage of hyenas was pounced upon and torn to pieces by the infuriated and treacherous animals. The keeper, named Drayton, was in the cage at the time, had his back slightly turned toward the hyenas, and was looking at the cheering multitude. The spectators fell back aghast when they saw the whole den of hyenas suddenly pounce upon the man, and, throwing him to the floor of the cage, begin to mangle him with their teeth and claws. One of the animals fastened his teeth in the flesh of Drayton's forearm, and its weight would have borne Drayton to the floor of the cage, but that he seized hold of the bars. With bull-dog tenacity the ferocious beast lunged on, and only when the flesh came away from the bone did it loose its hold. By this time the other five were in a high state of excitement, but were kept at bay by a heavy dose of the whip in the brief interval before the largest beast's second attack. This was directed at Drayton's abdomen, the wide open jaws being turned sideways so as to catch and tear open the entrails. With both hands he bore the long fangs once more in his muscles, this time in the right thigh. By sheer brute force he tore the snapping jaws loose from their second hold and endeavored to choke it on the ground. He partially succeeded, only at the expense of a terribly lacerated ankle and calf. This scene, in which so much terrible action took place, was all compressed in about two and one-half minutes. Drayton called loudly for help; but amid the bustle and confusion of the commencement of the parade he was not noticed at once. A crowbar was finally forced into the animal's jaws, while a blow behind the ears by another crowbar placed it effectually out of power to do more harm. The wounded man was then extricated from his still perilous position, the other hyenas meantime making a hideous noise and dangerous demonstrations at the prostrate tamer. A remarkable feature of Drayton's case was that few large and no vital blood-vessels had been torn.

A Life's Future.

A lady who is now visiting this city and whose eyes and ears are always open to new and strange sights and sounds, thus records the impression made upon her by the typical young woman of Boston.

The Boston girl leads a complicated life. She is "devoted to art." She is a woman of "designs," but she puts them all on canvas. She talks to you about "studies" and shapes, and the new designs she is putting on the "bis-cuit." She walks Commonwealth avenue wrapped in visions. She is inaccessible as a mermaid when you fondly imagine her meditations are solely on the brilliancy of the last remark with which her presence has inspired you, she is really occupied with her secret cogitations upon the lovely, iridescent pike-her, and wondering if any potter would throw her that particular shape in native clay. The Boston girl carves statuettes and mangles and alluring cabinets; she models of mornings, and shows marvelous skill in portrait busts; she haunts the artists' studios; she frequents the Museum of Fine Arts and spends much time in the Athenaeum, and is a devotee of the loan exhibitions. She is a born Transcendentalist. Incongruous as it may seem, she is also an energetic diffuser of useful knowledge; an humble follower of Estlin; a fervent disciple of Herbert Spencer, and also an eloquent advocate of woman's suffrage. With an air of resignation she informs you that it is not that she particularly cares to vote, but that she has a solemn conviction that it is her duty. This fair Melusina never misses a lecture upon art. She revels in ancient autotypes and engravings; she talks "fates," and the different interpretations of the Transfiguration. And the latest innovation of this fair saint is, that she turns her bodice into an oratory, and before an elegantly carved prie-dieu she kneels gracefully and presents her petitions in the most faultless of modern classic. For a being of refined taste and elegant culture is she—the fair Boston girl.—Boston Post.

Quick Time.

The train which recently conveyed the Lord Mayor and his party from London to Scarborough, July 31, consisting of one engine and six carriages, left King's Cross at 1:50, and ran straight through to Grantham, a distance of 105 miles, at an average rate of 31.2 miles an hour. The run from Grantham to York, 82 miles further on, was completed by 5:36 p. m., three hours and thirty-seven minutes, and a half after leaving London, allowing ten minutes' stop at Grantham.

The speed from Grantham to Newark averaged 59 miles an hour, from Grantham to Retford 58.2-3 miles, from Grantham to Selby 58, and from Grantham to York 57 miles an hour. Such an average speed as this last, over 59.2 successive miles, with three slowings down at Retford, Doncaster, and Selby, has probably never been equaled before. The 59 miles from Claypole (near Newark) to Selby were run in 60 1-2 minutes.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

Sheep that go into quarters in a declining state will demand extra feed and care during the winter, and produce a light clip of wool in the spring.

After haying is over, and the grain is put in the barn, farmers should clear the rocks from their fields, and lay them in to a substantial wall. It is a good time to do such work.

Hens require a variety of food, and get excessively tired of one kind. The egg contains almost all the constituents of the human body, and hence the hen must have a variety of food.

To destroy the green worms on cabbages, sprinkle salt on them while the dew is on them, and you will destroy the last one of them. You will not be able to find a worm on them the next morning. The salt will not injure the cabbage.

Rancid butter is no longer a merchantable article, and he who would manufacture a butter that will be profitable, or a cheese that will command the top of the market, must apprentice himself to the work and learn it with a much care as a watchmaker learns his trade or a chemist his profession.

German gardeners prevent lettuce from growing to seed by drawing a knife through one-half of the stem to which the stem is attached. The milk, as it is called in Germany, will flow in such quantity as to rob the head of the power to open, and still enough sap be left to keep it fresh and growing for another week or more.

A Cincinnati paper urges great care in the handling of Paris green, and relates a case coming under their observation, where a young man mixing the poison for the destruction of the potato beetle, rubbed his sleeves across his sweaty forehead, and in a few minutes his face swelled so as to blind him for several hours, threatening to destroy his sight.

At a meeting of the Potomac fruit growers' association held at Washington, D. C., recently, Mr. Needham exhibited specimens of a new potato bug. Mr. Pierson remarked that the new bug was destroying his potatoes, and that Paris green and London purple had no effect on them. The bug and the subject were referred to the scientific committee for report at the next meeting.

M. H. Ellis of East Longmeadow, Mass., has found some blades of his Hungarian grass ever taller than those recently mentioned, being five feet and eight inches. The grass was sowed June 19, and the crop per acre will be fully three tons, against two last year. There are three acres of this grass, mixed with clover, and 90 loads of guano were used to an acre.

While it may be very desirable to save the first seeds of some of our vegetables, such as sweet corn, peas and beans, it is not best to make such a selection from all kinds. The first tomatoes that ripen are generally small and ill-shaped, and it would be undesirable to select seeds from these, as they would soon deteriorate the variety; but the best plan is to wait till large, smooth specimens are produced, and from these select seed for future crops. By doing this for a few years you will find that you have wonderfully improved the tomato; and to secure improvement of any kind of vegetable it is absolutely necessary to select the best specimens of every kind. Deterioration ought to have no place in the farmer's vocabulary.

There are no horses which are, as a rule, worse fed and cared for than those of the farmer. As soon as the heavy work is done they are put upon a low diet, and should an extra day's work be required, they have not the strength to perform it without being liable to permanent injury. Then again, they are invariably badly groomed. Few hired men on a farm either know or care how to clean a horse, and as a general thing they are badly matted and handled. The driver rarely knows which horse is doing the most work, and he cares little about the road, while a good driver would be very careful that each horse should do its share of work, and with a heavy load he would take every advantage of the road, so as to lighten the draught as much as possible; but in these respects we find few experts, even among those who own their horses.

Keeping Butter.

The Dances put up their butter which is to be kept for an indefinite period in air-tight tin packages of five or ten pounds, and these again are packed in wooden cases. But the objection to it is its liability to corrode; it would be much more appropriate to put the butter into small, air-tight glass packages, and pack these in safe wooden cases. It does seem as if this might be practically accomplished, and then no possible harm could come from contact with glass. The finest aroma and flavor of butter ought to be preserved in this way for years.

But at present the most practical way of excluding air from butter is to suspend the same in brine. By surrounding the butter with strong brine the air is quite effectually excluded. This plan has been tried and found, practically, to work well.

One way is to stop churning the butter when it comes in small granules, of the size of a wheat kernel to that of a pea, wash it, and then, without any working, place it in large tubs or barrels made so as to hold brine, fill loosely with granulated butter, then saturate the whole with strong brine and head up tight. This has been found months afterward to come out in the finest condition. Another way is to have straight tubs, slightly flaring at the top, and the butter, after being worked in the usual way, packed in a muslin sack made two inches smaller than the tub. The upper head has a tight one and one-half inch plug; the head is removed, the sack of butter placed in the tub, the head replaced, and hoops tightly driven. Now strong brine is introduced through the hole in the head, and the tub completely filled, when the plug is driven and the air excluded. Butter may be kept in hot weather.

Practical Temperance.

FURNISHING ICE WATER BY THE TON.

The members of the Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation, after their success with the ice water fountain in Park row, felt encouraged to extend their usefulness by causing to be built an enormous tank with a capacity of more than three tons. This is to be placed upon a truck, the use of which has been donated for the season by E. N. Crow, and it is to be filled with ice water and trundled about the streets in the densely populated tenement districts, where the cool, pure water will be distributed free of charge. The tank is triangular in shape and is six feet high. Each of its sides is six feet in width. One side is painted a bright red, another white, and the third blue. These colors correspond to the titles of the three pledges which the society makes use of. Upon each face of the fountain the wording of one of the pledges is painted in bold letters, the color of the pledge contrasting with that of the particular side of the tank on which it appears. Four faucets project from each side of the tank. The truck is being provided with a platform seven feet in width, which is raised so as to project over the wheels, and some distance beyond the hind axle. The managers expect to utilize the space in front of the tank for carrying vessels filled with crushed ice or other articles that may be demanded for the use of sick families. The portable fountain when on its trips will be manned by a driver, an attendant at the truck, and as many policemen as circumstances may prove to be necessary for the preservation of order. The expense of maintaining the fountain at the Post office is \$10 a day, but the members of the society feel that the money is being well expended, and will cheerfully incur the additional outlay of \$35 per day which the moving fountain will demand.

Spanish Marriage Customs. The Andalusians of to-day are passionately fond of the *seguidilla bolero*. This dance is depicted on the fans sold on the days of bull-fights, which are named *abancos de calana*. Village Murillos select this dance as the subject of their masterpieces. The verses sung to the *seguidilla* are of great simplicity. On the occasion of weddings this favorite dance is performed, all the on-lookers joining in singing or chanting. The dance commences by a twanging of the guitars, followed by a banging of tambourines. Then each dancer chooses his partner, and the couples stand vis-a-vis at about four paces from one another. The song is then heard, and at the end of the last words of the final verse, the dancers begin to rattle their castanets, then with a bound they leap into the dance, turning and twirling and flying and pursuing, all in superb time, and with a grace, agility and vivacity that is irresistibly fascinating. With the last note of the air the dancers remain rigid, as if turned into blocks of marble; then comes unstinted applause, with the cry, *Bien parado! bien parado!* Again and yet again is the *seguidilla bolero* danced, and until the moment arrives when the stirrup-cup of wine is to be presented to the bridegroom, when, after sipping, offers it to the bride, seated pillow fashion behind him. The bride merely tastes it, and then, amidst the click-clack of castanets,